



Osho.

The Great Nothing

Darshan Diary

Friday 24 September 1976

Before Sagar became a sannyasin he was working in London with "The Times" as a public-relations officer. In an interview, he talked about how he came to know of Osho.

Maneesha: Had you always been interested in religion? Did you regard yourself as a seeker at all?

Sagar: As I remember it—and it seems quite a long while now –I was then a very different person and my ideas were really completely different from what I feel now. In fact, they were largely ideas, whereas now they're less ideas and more feelings. When I was working for "The Sunday Times" I was based in London and pursued the kind of life that other Londoners did—which was to enjoy the kind of things that were available then I on a much more materialistic basis, and I enjoyed it fully. Somehow I was aware that it wouldn't always be available to me or that I wouldn't always be interested in it. But at that time I was fully into all the pleasures that London had to offer. That lasted roughly up to my thirtieth birthday when I started living in the country and a division took place between a more natural way of life and my city existence. I watched my self slowly gravitating towards a much more simplified existence, rather than the high-pressure existence that I got used to in public relations—which, after all, by its very nature, is very hectic and very high energy. So from about the thirtieth birthday onwards I've been interested in questioning myself about the validity of some of the principles that I'd adhered to up till then.

One of them was the age-old question of what we were doing here and what our purpose was. And up to that moment I'd steadfastly convinced myself that we were little more than a biological coincidence, in the sense that there was no divine purpose behind our being here...that we were just an integral part of the food chain without having a soul which progresses over lifetimes...a concept which although I'd heard about, somehow didn't touch me.

I was quite convinced in a cynical sense that we come, we see, and we go without a trace. And then roughly on my thirtieth birthday I was given a set of books to read by someone called Paul Brunton. And those books sat on my shelf, right in the center, for nearly a year; and although they'd drawn my attention, I'd never looked into them. Then as if a new chapter opened, when I became thirty in September of that year, I was drawn more strongly towards the books and opened

them. From that moment onwards I found myself knocking my hands against my head and saying, "Yes! That's how it is! That's how it is!" And I've been doing that ever since. It meant a complete one-hundred-and eighty degree turn about everything that I had believed in.

Maneesha: Well, was he saying the sort of things Osho....?

Sagar: Yes, exactly. He was talking about the continuity of the soul. It was technical, very much a scientists approach, but he was in essence saying the same thing. He'd been to India many times, and most of his teachings happened in India and Egypt. It all led to the same conclusion -that we had to assume responsibility for our decisions. That we were here not as advanced animals, but on a completely different basis; that choice had entered our existence for the first time, and that we were here to exercise that choice.

So I began to understand that, and in many ways it meant that I was beginning to look at my life to see what kind of choices I'd made-not necessarily to judge, but just to see, in retrospect, what had taken place. And in doing so, I found tremendous continuity. I wasn't sure where this existence was to lead, but I could see a rhythm of continuity running through it, which excited me because It meant that I was not simply an haphazard member of a certain species, but that there was something more in store for me if I bothered to bear it.

I read those books with a lot of attention at a time when I was more or less psychologically retreating to the country, although it also meant that I spent physically less time in London. It was for me more symbolic than actual. I was beginning to listen more to the natural sounds-which were something of a shock when one has lived in metropolitan London for seven years. That's all I want to say about that.

Maneesha: You hadn't heard of any thing about Osho until you met a sannyasin?

Sagar: That's right. I had no knowledge. The phenomenon that was happening to me in that little village in Sussex was that my questioning attitude was beginning to take me away from my friends, in the sense that our fields of interest began to diverge. I found that the subject of our spiritual being was more of an intellectual exercise for my friends whereas for me it became an existential search, still very embryonic, but I was beginning to feel the stirrings of a certain wish to know. I had, as yet, no outlet, no contact with sannyasins, no contact with Osho, no contact with his books, until one day I did meet a sannyasin who lived in a neighbouring village.

I met her on a train very late one night coming back from London, and we became friends. I remember my fairly surprised reaction to her demonstration of Osho's

dynamic meditation methods [laughter] in which she was huffing and hooing, and shouting in a stubbley cornfield on the slopes of the Sussex Downs. I felt that this really wasn't for me.

It was really totally amazing to me, because I was still under the impression in those days that to think was enough to achieve the goal of what one was seeking.

At that point I had no idea that more work than that was necessary, because from the people I knew who were also interested in so-called spiritual truth, I understood that the goal could be achieved through the mind rather than through ones totality. And what this sannyasin was showing me was that the body could not be ignored, could not be transcended just with will, through the mind, but that much preparation would have to be done in order to compensate for the many years of repressions and suppression which had taken place...words which were new to me then, but they made a tremendous impact.

And this friend eventually left to return to Osho, leaving me in a state of some confusion about where my next step should take me, because my job in London still took up much of my emotional energy and I also loved the place where I lived. I didn't see any particular reason why I should lose job and home in order to step towards what was totally unknown to me.

The months passed, and I began to correspond with my friend who was in India by now. In fact I even received a short note from Osho himself inviting me to come-which by the very nature of the energy that that contained had a tremendous silent impact on me. It then took a total of one-and-a-half years before I finally came to a point where the signs were so irrefutable and clear that there was no future for me in England, that I resigned from the job, and made hasty preparations to come to India.

It is interesting to recall that when I left "The Sunday Times" I had two options-one to go to India, and the other to start a business of my own in partnership with a friend. And I thought to test fate, to see which course would be the natural one to take, because by then I still wasn't clear that India was right for me.

As my financial plans progressed to start this independent business, I was conscious of amazing pressures converging on me which were quite neutral, but I realized that I was going towards a culmination, when everything would become clear if I could get through to the other end.

So as a witness I progressed with my plans to open the business, and it came to a point where a certain financial decision had to be taken on a Sunday night, which I remember very well was the moment when I dialled a London number from Sussex to find out the final answer as to forthcoming finance. This meant that if the answer were positive, I would commit myself to four or five years of opening a

business, or if it failed I would immediately go to a travel agent and buy a ticket to India. I realized that the pressures were converging at the time that I rang that number, and when my friend, the financier, answered from London, I was practically trembling with anticipation.

I realize the enormity of the commitment that either step would entail. And as we started talking, I realized with an indescribable sense of relief, that the finance would not be forthcoming. He wasn't saying so directly, but his meaning was completely apparent to me. He didn't realize what was going on in mind since before he could even be definite about his refusal, I had started thanking him—which he couldn't understand at all! The conversation was short and we parted on the very best of terms.

When I put the receiver down, I realized suddenly what the situation actually meant: it propelled me into a way of life which I was only beginning to get the feeling of in abstract. I was in such an amazing excitement that I went immediately to those friends who had all urged me to go into this business venture. They were totally confused because I was laughing and just ecstatic in telling them that the whole project had failed—which to them was more an occasion to drown one's sorrows in drink rather than rejoicing. To me it meant the opposite.

Maneesha: Did you have a private Darshan? Was that when you first saw Osho or did you see him at lecture?

Sagar: I came to India dressed conspicuously in jeans and Western gear—to Osho's flat at Woodlands in Bombay where everyone was dressed in orange. I felt, as I suppose every new comer must feel when they come to the ashram—conspicuously out of place as far as the dress is concerned. And I did see Osho after a thorough scrub, the same evening. [My Sussex friend was there as well. For the first time I met Osho.]

By then my anticipation had given me access to his energy in that I realized immediately I wasn't meeting an ordinary person. I felt I had in fact, instant contact with him. Particularly so because I remembered what he'd written to me in the opening line: "Dear Robert,"—which was my name and then—"you don't know me but I know you well." And that resounded in my head when I went into his room for the first time. Then I looked into his eyes and I realized, yes, he did know me. And that produced a beautiful feeling of coming home.

I don't quite recall now— but I think I burst into tears. It was a very emotional turbulence. I stayed there a minute or two, and then on leaving began to look around more carefully—not now so much bewildered as with a profound sense of having arrived where I should be and should have been all along.

Maneesha: What stage did you take sannyas—a couple of days later or....?

Sagar: It was on my third day. I was sitting in the evening at the open window which overlooked the gardens outside Osho's apartment block ; the only other person in the outer room was Laxmi. A great emotional surge went through me: I had no plans at that moment to take sannyas, but there was just this tremendous up-whirl of emotions in me, which by then I'd got accustomed to because it had happened before, but the intensity was beginning to swamp me. And I was sitting there, weeping, quietly trying to conceal the fact.

And Laxmi turned around and said, "Look, would you like to see Osho?" And among sniffles I was saying that I couldn't possibly, I couldn't possibly right now. But she said, "Oh, yes, yes, go. Now you should go." So eventually I started down the corridor as a prisoner goes towards the guillotine [chuckles] with a heavy portent of what might be in store for me. I went in, trying to bear myself as gingerly as I could...miserably failing, however.

I walked towards Osho, not saying anything. I was just....tears were rolling down my cheek—there was nothing to be said, and I sat down. He was already cheerfully holding the mala in his hand [more chuckles];and saying, "Good. Very good. Take this....." and me totally incapable of saying anything! So I sat obediently and accepted my mala. He gave me my name and explained the significance of it—which I totally failed to grasp. When I left, I think I bumped into various objects of furniture on my way out. I went back to Laxmi's and tried to collect myself....and failed at that also. Laxmi had a cup of tea ready I remember, so it was a really beautiful evening for me.

A long time later I began to chat with Laxmi, and she suggested that now I might like to change to orange. For me the evening was perhaps as close to arriving home as I've ever been to in the sense that Osho speaks of: at that moment I did feel a tremendous shedding of everything that I had believed in before this had taken place. It was a moment symbolic of the complete departure of my previous identification and I had a very, very strong sense of a new beginning —the kind of rejoicing that comes from having unloaded oneself of all manner of weights around one's neck which I carried for no other reason than that they were there. And the taking of sannyas, to me, allowed me to throw these weights of symbolically, allowed me to disassociate myself from everything that society had pressured me into identifying with, and I really did feel like a very small child at that moment.... full of possibilities lying ahead of me, with much gratitude, much thankfulness at being given this opportunity to start afresh.

The whole evening was a chaotic spring cleaning of my mind, which continued on into the night. I remember sitting in a restaurant, observing everything in minute detail around me, but not feeling in any way attached to any part of the scene, because I was too busy opening old drawers, throwing files out and destroying

tapes. It was a wonderful relieving kind of therapy that happened....and so, that was my sannyas.

Maneesha: Looking back from this point now, to then, can you talk about what overall changes you feel have taken place since you've been a sannyas?

Sagar: It's very painful to do that because in so doing, I'm bound to feel as I've done before, that I have lost many friends that way. Friends that I thought had meant a lot to me, who still do, but on a different plane. I felt very lonely when I went back for six months, after spending eight months in Bombay...very lonely. I often remember what Osho said about sannyasins going to the West—which is that non sannyasins would have to take the position either for or against sannyasins, anyone in orange; it would seem to be impossible to remain neutral. And I suppose I'd hoped that my friends would be sufficiently positive towards my changes, parts of which were still very confusing and not often particularly positive. I hoped that they would be understanding enough to remain on my side, but whether it is my imagination or an actual fact, I did feel after just a few weeks that the sympathy was skin deep only, and that basically I was making them uneasy in every way possible.

This feeling projected itself onto me, which only had the effect of exacerbating their own feeling about anything to do with me; it became a vicious circle: the more you feel that somebody is making you uneasy, the more uneasy you are your self, which makes the other person uneasy and so on. In the end it produced a slightly artificial situation where I tried to relate to their way of life which had now ceased to be mine, to interest myself in the kind of things that were important to them for no other reason than to harmonize with them, but it was at the expense of not being true to myself.

And it showed as well, because I wasn't very good at doing it. They felt very much that I was, in effect, patronizing them, when in fact I was just attempting the impossible—trying to relate to them and interest myself in their activities when they had, ceased to interest me. It became very false on my part, but I was experimenting with how to behave with those I'd known before.

Maneesha: What do you feel happened for you in England after having been with Osho for eight months?

SAGAR: The most Important thing that had happened to me was that I had lost interest in practically everything that had meant anything to me—right across the board from what people do when they're alone to when their with friends. The kind of things that included drinking or dancing or going out for entertainment, or anything that was externally-orientated at that point, on a superficial level, simply had ceased to interest me. And this was at first something of a shock to my

friends. You have a certain profile of one another, an understanding of what your friends likes and dislikes are, and this is embedded inside you and you recognize the other person accordingly. When suddenly that whole program no longer functions and your recognition of the other person's interests no longer holds true, then it becomes very confusing because they simply can't see you anymore.

My identity was slipping away from them, I simply no longer was what they thought of me, because I had come to recognize that that wasn't me in the first place. And I tended to be little more serious than I am now—only perhaps to compensate for my previous way of life. Since then something of a balance has been struck, but in those very fresh days perhaps I tended to come across as something of a religious heavy – weight, without my actually pushing it.

In the end there was nothing else worth talking about, and the situation would arise when I would be asked to a dinner party and I would find myself very silent during the general conversation, because I simply felt I had nothing to add. Then the silence would become so conspicuous around the table that in order to draw me into the conversation someone would ask me a question to do with sannyas, which would propel me deeper into talking about, and only compounding the impression of being a religious heavy- weight, and that became a very heavy strain. So people stopped inviting me, or only very close friends would to compensate for this, but even that became a strain.

Maneesha: Saw all of this period was rather painful and traumatic for you?

Sagar: Yes. I would say I tried very hard to find a middle road between my friends and myself, and my family and myself, but in the end there simply was no bridge as I see it. You either are in one camp and your energy expands in that direction, or it is into seeking who you are, trying to find out what is....you know, where the truth lies. And I haven't yet found a way to be with each foot in either camp. Maybe I will. I still feel that I'm fresh and inexperienced in dealing with the Western life, particularly so now, because I've been back in Poona for over two years, and again I'm out of touch with what it will mean to cope with non-sannyasins, and maybe earn a living.

Maneesha: Can you talk about these last two years in terms of change and growth?

Sagar: The thing that stands out most over the last two years is a realization that in the sense that I have believed it in the past, I am not. What can I say about that? I can say that when I came to Poona two years ago, I thought I was a certain person. I had feelings about myself, self identifications. Then just a few months later, simply by being something of an observer of myself, I found I wasn't that which I was two months ago, but had already become a different person. This process continued to a point where I simply don't feel that I *am* in a conventional sense. I

can't relate to myself as I am now because in a few months I'll be different again. And this has put me into a kind of limbo which I rather enjoy.

It simply means that I started looking elsewhere to find out what is, rather than what I am. Because I suspect that I can go on seeking forever and ever what I am and I will never find it.

I'm involved right now in the Enlightenment Intensive group where that is the paramount question—"Who am I?" And I see as a reflection from each person that is in each group, myself.

And each group has a tremendous effect on me—and maybe that's why it happened that I was involved in it, because it's helping me very much to speed up the process of looking for who I am, because I'm not. And I'm beginning to fray slightly at the edges, because what to do and where to look? So I just try to follow Osho's maxim off trying to be alert in an overall sense, without directing my alertness in any direction, and waiting and seeing what happens without any expectations of finding anything and certainly not what I am or who I am. That I have almost given up. And it's taken me two years to come to a point where I have seriously stopped looking for it. I feel very much like laughing right now because I thought I *needed* to look for this.

For me, the turning point came nearly a year ago when I was undergoing an operation here, and during the anaesthetic an event took place which I remembered twenty-four hours after. I came out of the operation, and it shook me completely. It was to do with the same thing which was during the anaesthetic. I was undergoing a series of experiences where I became whatever thought, feeling, word, came to me, but it wasn't permanent. I had just clambered aboard this piece of flotsam thinking "This is me. Thank goodness—I have arrived. That's it", and already my gestalt changed to the next thought or object that came along, almost in haphazard succession. Then I was like a drowning man: grappling with a word, "hoo" perhaps, overcome by the feeling of sadness each time the gestalt changed completely.

And the moment I started identifying this climbing aboard this life-raft saying, "Well, this is me—thank goodness. That's it. Now I have found", already the thing was dissolving. It was all so ephemeral and fluid, it moved with such rapid succession, that maybe just for a second or two—although it seemed like a very long time—I became really very scared. And I feel that I missed a really great opportunity.

Eventually I came out of the anaesthesia and nothing had happened. I feel now that if I had just relaxed and not pursued the need to climb aboard each and every thing that came along to find an identification of who I was, I might of had a very

beautiful experience of discovering what is, rather than who I am. But I was too scared to dissolve myself at that point. Still, it was a very useful experience, just knowing what might be possible at another time.

Maneesha: I was going to ask you, before you recounted this experience, whether you found this—not being anything, not being something you could define—beautiful or scary?

Sagar: Very scary! I talked to Osho about it. Right from the day after I took sannyas in Bombay three years ago, I have been concerned with this fear very much. I had a dream at eleven o'clock the morning after I took sannyas, it might have been my imagination—it doesn't matter, it was a very profound thing for me.

I was very exhausted from the emotional impact of taking sannyas the night before. I slept in the morning, and round about eleven o'clock, my dream was that I was sleeping and Osho was standing in front of me in *shaktipat* posture, with arms outstretched in front of him, raising them up continuously urging me forwards and upwards, with a beautiful expression on his face. And my perspective was from inside of me, lying down, sleeping, actually looking up, despite my sleep. And as he was raising his arms, waving them upwards and outwards, I found myself rising out and up and in all directions outwards at the same time, with a sort of whoosh! and a tremendous energy lift.

And I was exhilarated at this. It was like being on a giant dipper, but rather than going down, I was going up. But it was scary because it was happening on all dimensional planes at the same time and I could see myself simply dissolving into wider and wider, and thinner and thinner areas, where again I was beginning to lose my solid identification with the body. And I could only allow this to happen so much when fear crept in and the process immediately slowed down.

Osho was trying to balance this in the dream by urging me on, you know, raising his arms again and again, a beautiful smile on his face, as if to say, "Let it all hang out. Let it go. There's nothing to be worried about. Just let me take you up." But at that time I simply wasn't ready. Beyond a certain point, where I still thought I could get the things back into solid shape, my fear produced that very affect and I was back into solid shape, safe and sound at home. That was again another opportunity missed.

From then on, on and off for these past two years, I've been very conscious of the fact that we have this tremendous opportunity of dissolving ourselves, and we can only stay alert to the opportunities when they arise from being with Osho.

Yes, it's been fear basically which dominated me.

Maneesha: Sagar means ocean, doesn't it? Anand Sagar?

Sagar: Chaitanya Sagar—which means consciousness, it's ocean of consciousness.

Maneesha: I was just thinking while you were talking of the images you're using of dissolving. I don't know what he said to you, or what connotations he had in mind, but I was thinking maybe that was your sadhana—not to confine your self to being a drop but to dissolve into the ocean—and you used that very imagery.

Sagar: Yes. I feel very emotional when Osho uses this analogy—which he does practically all the time—of being the drop in the river moving towards the ocean and dissolving in the ocean, and the ocean as being part of the drop. The whole symbolism is very close to me. Throughout my life I've been very emotionally attached to the sea and have always thought to be near the sea. For me it is a very uplifting element. And I have never felt more at ease and more balanced and centred than when I'm close to the sea, and I absorb the fragrance: the whole aspect of the rolling eternity of the ocean.

And so when he gave me that name, I felt it was a key; it was something for me to always remember and be alert about. And I do feel that it may happen one day, you know. It will be just exactly that. I have a tremendously friendly feeling towards it—not scary actually when thinking about it—it only gets scary when I'm confronted with the actual phenomena, but just considering it mentally, emotionally, I'm very much at home there. Yes, I do feel that ocean of consciousness is what we're all about. And having been given the name I think it's a very strong hint to stay open to it.

But it's scary at first. I have that hesitancy: I watch myself being anchored in my physical identification. I know it's not real. There's nothing that's intellectual or good that I can say about it—I simply know, I'm certain, it's just a totally artificial attachment. On the other hand I don't want to mentally persuade myself against it because then again I'm in the realms of using my imagination rather than the real coin—the existential happening of it.

Many of my friends I feel could be making that mistake—you know, choosing the imagery and the imagination of it, rather than the actual experience, the actual being. And of the ocean, rather than just so much thinking, talking, ruminating about it, you almost begin to feel that, yes, you are the ocean—when actually still it's only a cloud in your mind.

Maneesha: Can you talk about how you feel now about Osho, and whether you feel your relationship has evolved since you first met him...if it's of a different nature now?

Sagar: Yes, I felt that I couldn't say anything about him at this particular second

and I still don't think I can say anything about my relationship with Osho because I imagined you would ask that so without trying to rehearse, I just tried to allow the question to ripple through my mind, and nothing came up. So whatever comes up now happens right now.

My relationship with Osho....I feel it's very beautiful-in the sense that it is still one-sided, in that I seem to be the taker and Osho is the giver. The area in which I feel a change is taking place is that expectations have lessened. When I first became a sannyasin, I had very strong, but very subtle, expectations of things that could happen, bursting through changes or a new life opening. All these things have happened, but in much softer and gentler ways than I expected or anticipated them to happen. But then throughout I try to stop myself from anticipating anything that may or may not happen.

So what I'm saying is more in retrospect, rather than something that has been growing with me throughout: I haven't had a feeling of change in relationship between me and Osho. It is only just now, this moment as you're asking me to look back, that I feel yes, there has been a change in that...yes...I think I have it. The change in relationship has taken place in the sense that I'm slowly pulling away from Osho in that I feel I no longer need him as much as I did when I first became a sannyasin. As I'm listening to my own words I immediately find myself contradicting myself saying, "Yes, you do need him." And in a sense that is true. We are very close to him here and under his immediate impact, so maybe I can afford to say I don't need him because he is right here. I might have said something different if I were long way from him

But nevertheless, I still feel I could cope with life outside better now than even a year ago, or even say six months ago. This process is continuing, in a sense I feel that he is more in me, I have allowed him more in than ever before.

I don't mean that-it is kind of charged with a certain ungratefulness. But simply feeling it, I do feel permeated with his presence, with his energy. I feel that there is a certain unshakability in me.

It isn't even a question of going back to my former way of life. That is simply burned away. It's not even a question. Rather it is a question of whether I could be deflected from the process that he, in a very subtle way I feel is setting for us. I'm not sure exactly what the purpose is because he's said so many things, so I've tried to shut those out of my mind.

But just to accept our basic condition of happiness, in whatsoever style of living we may finally end up in-whether it is to continue living in this ashram or wherever the winds may blow us-just to fully understand the importance of the basic condition of happiness. And of course just simply to recognize and to adopt

it and to make it our own acceptance as our own heritage. I feel I could pursue that more now...in a more alert way than ever before, and I feel this process will continue.

So the basic change in my relationship is that I feel a little more mature, a little more grown - up. I really did feel very vulnerable when I first came. Now I feel it wouldn't matter for me if Osho left his body tomorrow. It would be an incredibly shattering event, of course-the sheer phenomenon. But in the aftermath I feel I could cope better now than ever before in a way to continue as a disciple in the true sense of the word-which is to eventually follow in the master's footsteps and pursue the teachings of your master independent of him.

You know, I could just about stand on my own two feet. It's just a feeling, and it's the only noticeable change that I can see. My deep love for him is the same. I mean what ever love is, and in whatever capacity I have, is towards him and is by my understanding my capacity to receive him. And that is there. I mean, there's nothing much I can do about it. I can't measure it. And it is simply there, a wonderful, beautiful warm feeling, all around me and him, and everyone else around here.

I feel kind of protective lately because Osho has become so sensitive. Just yesterday I saw him in the garden here during a filming session, and he looked so incredibly fragile, and this came just after his lecture on his enlightenment experience and the whole thing is adding more and more...a kind of jigsaw for me, piecing together a jigsaw where he is allowing us little glimpses from time to time into his totality, according to our degree of receptivity. And he is doling out exactly as much as we can handle.

And just seeing him in the garden I thought, really, this is totally beyond words. So I feel protective, but it's just a general feeling: I know that he doesn't need my protection. He doesn't need anybody's protection in the first place. It makes little difference to him whatever happens one way or the other. But still I feel protective towards his body, not in a jealous kind of possessive way, but the way one feels protective towards the sun. It's good to have the sun.

But this feeling of protectiveness is all so new, just recently these last few months, I think, since many changes in the arrangements around Osho have shown that he is getting more sensitive, so we have to adjust ourselves accordingly. I think this is a beautiful feeling too. In many ways there is a tremendous teaching in it for us as well, because Osho's sensitivity, his increasing sensitivity, is spilling over on us. We too are becoming more sensitive. And it's a way for Osho to show us a way towards discovering our senses and sensitivities, in a way we're not accustomed to using or even understanding them. So, as everything that he does or does not do is a teaching, I feel this is for us to become attuned to for our own benefit entirely.

And so the sensitivity that we're all subjected to here, and this examination of our own sensitivity, has also had a big effect and thereby has led to a change to my relationship with Osho because I look at him with a new sense of sensitivity which he has created in the first place, and encouraged in us. And now it's reflecting back on him. And so again it's a cycle of energy which passes from him to us, moving back and forth. And it's a very subtle realm. But again that is the change.

Maneesha: Do you think, do you feel you fully grasp who he really is, the significance of who he is—that he's a person who happens only in thousands of years.

Sagar: Certainly not. Certainly not. I wish I could. On any intellectual mental plain, I grasp the fact. I'm perfectly happy to fully entertain the idea that he is just what you said—one in many thousands of years—but you can only grasp it with your own capacity of understanding, that is to say in terms of your own being.

I can only grasp it with what ever being that I'm in touch with right now, and I can see the limitations of the limited understanding of Osho that I have. And I wish I had a total understanding. If I did I would be like Osho. And again I feel it is an area that I can watch and be alert about. And I know basically the more I grow, the more understanding I will have of Osho.

I remember Vivek in Bombay saying many years ago, and very beautifully....she said with tremendous sort of emotional content, "If only you knew who you have here." She kind of left the thing unspoken, meaning, "You would just drop everything here now, and just stop clutching about with all your mental nonsense and what-have-you! If you knew, you would just that moment, if you knew, your ego would be gone. You simply couldn't be sustained by the understanding of all of that!"

Yes, mentally I think I know, but I'm afraid that doesn't amount to much. But emotionally, yes, emotionally to, it goes along way. The only way I feel that you can truly understand the depths of Osho and what he is and what he's doing is by joining him. But you know, as Osho says, "What to do?"

when I first saw him
i was mute overcome
my mind was trying to translate
what was happening
into that which was known to me

-and it was not successful

finally I just gave up

Once I gave up the awe took over.

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